

Another Song

Z-Ro

Hold up let me hit my Hypnotic
aight you rollin?
I'd just like to take a minute to apologize to my listeners
I just wanna say I'm sorry for not havin any songs about happiness
or bein in peace and shit like that
see I can only display my personal feelings and experinces
and so far I ain't felt what happiness feels like
and experinced anything but hard times and heartache
so I apologize for not makin you dance
I apologize for not havin any sarcaistical songs
you know that good feeling with e'm
that put a smile on your face
I ain't had nothin to offer accept for frowns
so for that I'm sorry I promise if I could sing another song

I wish I could tell you my life is good but it's not
I wish Missouri , city runners were cold, but they're hot
so many situations to deal with, I can't concentrate
a hundred homies and everyone is fake
how can I make it out the ghetto it want let me go
seems like everytime I do a good deed, good deeds never return to 'Ro
I gave up my last so somebody could have a start
then somebody got me locked behind bars
what a way to show ya love back-homie you a friend for life
for your crime I'm doin time in the Penn tonight
it's bad enough I lost a family my luck ain't live
mama died when I was 6 and Daddy ain't have enough time
to kick it with me-like I wanted him to kick it with me
now that I'm incarcerated you wanna come and visit with me
but I ain't holdin no grudges Daddy I love you that's my word
even though you had me sleeping on a curb...I wish I had another song

These are the days(these are the days)
we cherish them because soon they'll be gone away(soon they'll be gone away)
on to another place
pretty soon I'll be gone
twenty-sum odd years of calling God on this mobile phone
if it wasn't for my life style I'd sing another song

I wish that I was ridin around in a Bentley
but maybe Z-Ro living lavish just ain't meant to be
cause I'm the type of fella that'll give a bum a hundred dollars
I'd rather help out my people instead of poppin my collar
I wish that I could get a million copies sold
if I'm broke I'd rather die I don't want no more poverty-growing old
sometimes I wish that I was somebody else
cause I can't even pay bills even though my CD's wont stay on the shelf
strugglin and I'm strivin and just barely strivin
bobbin and weavin-my last breathe time after time
and it seems that I wont ever get no rest I'm exhausted
tryna make it-compare the price and pain is what the cost is
maybe if I was evil I'd be rolling in bread
until somebody with a pistol come and opened my head
but my mission is keepin ambition
I'm trying so hard even though my soul is scarred-oh Lord...
I wish I had another song

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I wish that I could sing another song
but my rhythm is too much pain
sunshine is the level that I think I'm on so tell me why it's so much rain
day to day it's a struggle in my lifetime
to keep from tripping I be stayin in the trees
no crimes commited so tell me why I'm doin time
and wont nobody come and set a nigga free
sometimes at night I smoke a cig and sit back
and wonder why the whole world hate me
so much ambition I just gotta pull my wig back
wishing murder would come on and take me
I wish that I could sing another song
I'm tired of sleeping in rivers of tears all night long
no point in wonderin why my people choose to do me wrong
stuck in this reality until my life is over and gone

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